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THE YOUNG CLUB
A CONGRATULATORY POEM
TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
JOHN LORD BISHOP of BRISTOL
LORD PRIVY SEAL
UPON THE
P E A C E

Signd at his Lordships house April 11. 1713.

HUMBLY PRESENTED

B T

G. HASTINGS, S. BREWSTER & T. DIBBEN.

His Lordships Pages.

THE YOUNG CELESTIAL
A CONGRATULATORY ROMANCE
TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
JOHN LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL
O! *mihī tam longæ maneat pars ultima
vitæ*

UPON THE
*Spiritus & quantum sat erit tua dicere
facta.*

signed at his Lordship's house April 11. 1771.

HUMILY PRESENTED

& BY

G. HASTINGS, S. BREWSTER & T. DIBDEN.

By the Bookseller's Paper.





Amidst the Crowds, that joyn in verse
& prose
To bless thy Labours & the Worlds
Repose,
The Muses hear, that try their infant wing,
And first, in Concert, *Bristols* Praises sing.

We *Pages* have a Privilege to be heard,
Our Trifles oft have pleas'd our thoughtful *Lords*;
Have smooth'd his Brow, when care sat deep impress'd,
And *Europes* Fate yet struggl'd in His Breast.
These busy Times, we too have bor'n our Share,
Our sep'rate Counsels held of Peace & War:
Deep in the Secret, warm in the Debate,
Who visits who, cou'd learnedly repeat,
And tell, how long they staid, as well as the *Gazette*:
And oh! if Heaven propitious to our Pray'r
(For Life is now a Blessing worth our Care)
Grants us but length of days, the usual date,
Our Youth and vigour has to hope from Fate,
These lasting Triumphs *we* shall longest know,
And latest tell the hand, from whence they flow.

Some

Some Sixty Winters hence, methinks I see
 (The Pleasing Image dances in My Eye)
 The little Family, round the Chearfull Board,
 Asking the wonders of their Fathers Lord;
 How look'd? how spake the Prelate? what his Arts
 To charm the angry World, & joyn contending hearts?
 Again I mark the Day, describe this Place:
 "Hence Children date the Good, We now possess.
 "By *Kneller* drawn, high on the Sacred Wall;
 ("Pilgrims in Shoals still haunt the Solemn Hall)
 "Anna was seen: You'd think the Canvass spoke,
 "And Majesty & Peace had form'd Her look.
 "At distance rang'd, the Chiefs of Nations wait,
 "And seem from Her to attend their Countrys Fate.
 "Beneath Her Feet, I see him as He stood,
 "My Chearfull Lord—Your Father bore his Robe:

("Oh! Children, I am rais'd, my blood runs warm,
"As first when Youth & pleasure knew to charm;
"Still in my Soul engrav'd his virtues live;
"Yours be they now; best Portion I've to give.)
Close by his side, in decent Honours drest
"Strafford came Gracefull; on the *Patriots* Breast
"Bright shone the *Star*, confess'd the Share of Fame,
"Ensign, no Stranger to the *Wentworth's* Name.
"Nor undistinguish'd there the *second St. John* staid;
"Twas the first glorious Step his Fortune made,
"Then Young; I mark'd the sprightly, gracious look;
"And *Thou*, I said, shalt rise a *Bolingbroke*.
"They fate: I saw th' Important Paper brought:
"They signed: & Kingdoms follow'd, as they wrote.
"The scene removes', shews Albions crowded shore;
"Her subject seas their precious Trust restore:

"The

"The Church her Favour'd Prelate leaves to mourn:

"And fifty Temples rise at his Return.

"His Gracious Queen —

"Ten thousand op'ning scenes their joys unfold

"And Life shall pass, e're all the Tale be told.

F I N I S.

The Church her Favour & Praise leaves no room:
And fifty Temples rise in his Return.
His Glorious Queen —

Ten thousand opening scenes their joys unfold
And Life shall pass ere all the Tale be told.

F I N I S

Not leasting shall the sacred Tale be told
Twas the first glorious Step his Fortune made
Then Young I maid the sprightly, gracious look
And now I said, shall rise a second time
They sat & saw the Important Paper brought
They signed: & Kingdoms follow'd as they wrote
The same removed, show'd Alljces crown'd did shew
Her subject seas their precious Truth restore:

The